THE

Gentle Shepherd;

A

SCOTS

Paſtoral Comedy.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Gentle Shepherd *ſat beſides a ſpring,*
All in the Shadow of a buſhy Brier,
That Colin *hight, which well cou'd pipe and ſing,*
For he of Tityrus *his Songs did lere.*

SPENCER, *P.* 1113.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by Mr. THO. RUDDIMAN, for the AUTHOR, Sold at his Shop near the Croſs, and by Mr. *Thomas Longman* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, and Mr. *James M'Ewin*, oppoſite to St. *Clement's* Church, Book-ſellers in *London*, and by Mr. *Alexander Carmichael* in *Glaſgow*. 1725.

GR. III.
PER. MUS.

TO

The Right Honourable,

SUSANNA,

Counteſs of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finiſh their Deſigns with Chearfulneſs. But conſcious of their own Inability to oppoſe a Storm of Spleen, and haughty ill Nature, it is generally an ingenious Cuſtom amongſt them to chuſe ſome honourable Shade.

WHEREFORE I beg Leave to put my *Paſtoral* under your *Ladyſhip*'s Protection, if my *Patroneſs* ſays, the *Shepherds* ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I ſhall have good Reaſon to think my ſelf ſafe from the aukward Cenſure of ſome pretending Judges that condemn before Examination.

13

I am ſure of vaſt Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyſhip*'s Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Counteſs* of EGLINTON, whoſe Penetration, ſuperior Wit, and ſound Judgment, ſhines with an uncommon Luſtre, while accompanied with all the diviner Charms of Goodneſs and Equality of Mind.

IF it were not for offending only your *Ladyſhip*, here, Madam, I might give the fulleſt Liberty to my Muſe to delineate the fineſt of Women, by drawing your *Ladyſhip*'s Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; ſince Flattery lyes not in paying what's due to Merit, but in Praiſes miſplaced.

WERE I to begin with your *Ladyſhip*'s honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field's ample, and preſents us with numberleſs, great and good Patriots, that have dignified the Names of *KENNEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*; be that the Care of the Herauld and Hiſtorian. 'Tis perſonal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetneſs of the Fair that inſpire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* muſt be excepted, whoſe Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your *Ladyſhip* juſtly claims our Admiration and profoundeſt Reſpect: For whilſt you are poſſeſt of every outward Charm in the moſt perfect Degree, the never fading Beauties of Wiſdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyſhip*'s Mind, command Devotion.

ALL

ALL this is very true, cries a Sour-plum of better Senſe than good Nature; but what occaſion have you to tell us the Sun ſhines, when we have the Uſe of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?—— Very true; but I have the Liberty to uſe the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To ſpeak what every Body thinks.* Indeed there might be ſome Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Regiſters were of as ſhort Duration as Life: But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain Praiſe-worthy Pleaſure, in communicating to Poſterity the Fame of diſtinguiſhed Characters.—— I write this laſt Sentence, with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear; but if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your *Ladyſhip* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts ſhall evaniſh like a Morning Vapour; I ſhall hope to be claſs'd with *Taſſo* and *Guarini*, and ſing with *Ovid*,

If 'tis allowed to Poet's to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt obedient,

And moſt devoted Servant.

Edinburgh, June
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The PERSONS.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, *The Gentle Shepherd in love with* Peggy.
ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd in love with* Jenny.
SYMON, } *Two old Shebeprds Tenants to*
GLAUD, } *Sir* William.
BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with* Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be* Glaud's *Niece.*
JENNY, Glaud's *only Daughter.*
MAUSE, *an old Woman ſuppoſed to be a Witch.*
ELSPA, Symon's *Wife.*
MADGE, Glaud's *Siſter.*

SCENE, *a Shepherds Village and Fields ſome few Miles from* Edinburgh.
Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*
Firſt Act *begins at Eight in the Morning.*
Second Act, *begins at Eleven Forenoon.*
Third Act *begins at Four Afternoon.*
Fourth Act *begins at Nine-a-clock at Night.*
Fifth Act *begins by Day-light next Morning.*

THE

The Gentle Shepherd.

A

Paſtoral Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

Beneath the South-ſide of a Craigy Beild,
Where Chriſtal Springs the haleſom Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans ly,
Tenting their Flocks ae bony Morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow Echos ring;
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

THIS ſunny Morning, *Roger*, chears my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing Plants
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleaſing Rants?
How haleſome 'tis to ſnuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care.

What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gars thee grane?
Tell me the Cauſe of thy ill ſeaſon'd Pain.

ROGER.

I'M born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with Hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſt may ceaſe to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
But I, oppreſt with never ending Grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on Relief.

PATIE.

THE Bees ſhall loath the Flower, and quit the Hive,
The Saughs on Boggie Ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
E'er ſcornful Queans, or Loſs of Warldly Gear,
Shall ſpill my Reſt, or ever force a Tear.

ROGER.

SAE might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe Saul is ſadly out of Tune.
You have ſae ſaft a Voice, and ſlid a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.
If I but ettle at a Sang or ſpeak,
They dit their Lugs, ſyne up their Leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikly to a Laſs's Eye.
For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number Ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

BUT ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.

If that be true, what ſignifies your Gear:
A Mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome Care.

ROGER.

MY Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were ſmoor'd;
Three Elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe Ills endur'd:
In Winter laſt, my Cares were very ſma,
Tho' Scores of Wathers periſh'd in the Snaw.

PATIE.

WERE your bein Rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs you wad repine.
He that has juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep:
The O'ercome only faſhes Fowk to keep.

ROGER.

MAY Plenty flow upon thee for a Croſs,
That thou mayſt thole the Pangs of mony a Loſs.
O mayſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty Wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,
'Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

PATIE.

SAX good fat Lambs, I ſauld them ilka Clute
At the *Weſt-port*, and bought a winſome Flute,
Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round;
A dainty Whiſtle, with a pleaſant Sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and neer cry Dool,
Than you with all your Caſh, ye dowie Fool.

ROGER.

NA *Patie*, na! I'm na ſic churliſh Beaſt,
Some other Things lyes heavier at my Breaſt:

I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night
That gars my Fleſh a' creep yet with the Fright.

PATIE.

Now to a Friend, how ſilly's this Pretence
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens.
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well ſeen Love, and dorty *Jenny*'s Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

ROGER.

INDEED now, *Patie*, ye have gueſt o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a-ſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka Place ſhe jears me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate:
But Yeſterday I met her yont a Know,
She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.
She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
But gecks at me, and ſays, I ſmell of Tar.

PATIE.

BUT *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for *Neps*,--- ſae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'dna loo her:---- But in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud Diſdain.
My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
Till he yowld ſair ſhe ſtrake the poor dumb Tyke.
If I had filld a Nook within her Breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair Kindneſs to my Beaſt.

When

When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn
With a' her Face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife Scorn.
Laſt Night I play'd, ye never heard ſic Spite;
O'er Bogie was the Spring, and her Delyte:
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her Cuſin ſpear'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what Tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna Care,
I'll break my Reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'EN do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help Miſluke,
Saebeins ſhe be ſick a Thrawin-gabet Chuck?
Yonder's a Craig, ſince ye have tint all Hope,
Gae till't your ways and take the Lover's Lowp.

ROGER.

I needna mak ſic Speed my Blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant Death come ſoon enough a Will.

PATIE.

DAFT Gowk! leave off that ſilly whinging Way.
Seem careleſs, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my Laſs, I love as well
As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.
Laſt Morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a Dike I lean'd, glowring about
I ſaw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* ſaw na me:
For yet the Sun was wading throw the Miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
Her Coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw.
Her Cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her Haffet Locks hang waving on her Cheek;

Her Cheek ſae rudy, and her Een ſae clear;
And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinny Pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in Buſtine Waſte-coat clean,
As ſhe came skiffing o'er the Dewy Green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg* come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon afteer:
But I can gueſs, ye're gawn to gather Dew:
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye well, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye lyke,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw within a Crack,
She came with a right thievleſs Errand back;
Miſcaw'd me firſt,--- then bad me hound my Dog
To wear up three waff Ews ſtray'd on the Bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then with great Haſt,
I claſp'd my Arms abour her Neck and Waiſt,
About her yielding Waiſt and took a Fouth
Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowing Mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul cam lowping to my Lips.
Sair ſair ſhe flet wi' me, 'tween ilka Smack:
But well I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your Thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood:
Gae woo anither, and ſh'll gang clean wood.

ROGER.

KIND *Patie*, now fair fa your honeſt Heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an Art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a Leek,
ye've cheriſh't me ſince ye began to ſpeak.

Sae

Sae for your Pains, I'll mak ye a Propine,
My Mother, reſt her Saul, ſhe made it fine;
A Tartan Plaid, ſpun of good Hawflock Woo,
Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders Blew:
With Spraings like Gowd, and filler croſs'd with Black;
I never had it yet upon my Back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have ſa kind
Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

PATIE.

WELL hald ye there;--- and ſince ye've frankly made
A Preſent to me of your braw new Plaid,
My Flute's be yours, and ſhe too that's ſae nice
Shall come a Will, gif ye'll take my Advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't;
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out and gie's a bony Spring;
For I'm in Tift to hear you play and ſing.

PATIE.

BUT firſt we'll take a Turn up to the Height,
And ſee gif all our Flocks be feeding right.
Be that Time Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheeſe
Will make a Breakfaſt that a Laird might pleaſe,
Might pleaſe the daintyeſt Gabs, were they ſae wiſe.
To ſeaſon Meat with Health inſtead of Spice.
When we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well.
I'll whiſtle ſine and ſing t'ye like my ſell.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie Howm between twa verdent Braes,
Where Laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their Claiths,
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
Its Channel Pebbles, *ſhining ſmooth and round,*
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your Eye; next gratifie your Ear,
While JENNY *what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,*
And MEG *with better Senſe true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
The ſhining Day will bleech our Linnen clean;
The Waters clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

PEGGY.

Go farer up the Burn to *Habie's-How*,
Where a that's ſweet in Spring and Summer grow:
Between twa Birks out o'er a little Lin
The Water fa's, and makes a ſingand Din:
A Pool Breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as Glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy Whirles the bordering Graſs.
We'll end our Waſhing while the Morning [illegible]ool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,

There

There waſh our ſells.--- 'Tis healthfou now in *May*;
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a Day.

JENNY.

DAFT Laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay
Gif our twa *Herds* come bratling down the Brae,
And ſe us ſae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*
Wad taunting ſay, haith Laſſes ye're no blate.

PEGGY.

WE'RE far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Diſdain?
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loos you, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt Day e're ye ſaw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A *Herd* mair Sheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug;
With Ribon Knots at his blew Bonnet Lug;
Whilk penſylie he wears a Thought a jee,
And ſpreads his Garters dice'd beneath his Knee.
He falds his Owrelay down his Breaſt with Care,
And few gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair.
For a' that he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, *How d'ye*,--- or, *There's a bony Day*.

PEGGY.

YE daſh the [illegible] with conſtant ſlighting Pride;
Hatred for Love is unko ſair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden when ſhe's auld?
Like dawted Wean, that tarrows at its Meat,
That for ſome feckleſs Whim will orp and greet.
The Lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's paſt,
And ſyne the Fool Thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's Leavings at the laſt.
Fy *Jenny* think, and dinna ſit your Time.

JENNY.

I never thought a ſingle Life a Crime.

PEGGY.

NOR I:—— But Love in Whiſpers lets us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

JENNY.

IF *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himſel;
For ſic a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the Cauſe:
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his Hums and Haws.
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly nie'er to do't again.
They're Fools that Slavery like, and may be free:
The Cheils may a' knit up themſels for me.

PEGGY.

BE doing your Ways; for me I have a Mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie*'s kind.

JENNY.

HEH Laſs! How can ye loo that Rattle-ſcul?
A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will.

We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor feightan Life
You twa will lead ſae ſoon's ye're Man and Wife.

PEGGY.

I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langſome Day a Year,
Till I, with Pleaſure, mount my Bridal Bed;
Where on my *Patie*'s Breaſt I'll lean my Head.
There we may kiſs, as lang as Kiſſing's good;
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

JENNY.

HE may indeed for Ten or Fifeteen Days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraiſe,
And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane:
But ſoon as his Newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his Tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake.
Inſtead then of lang Days of ſweet Delyte,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll Flyte:
And may be, in his Barlikhoods ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

PEGGY.

SIC Courſe-ſpun Thoughts as thae want Pith to move
My ſettl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green
Has ſic a Smyle, or ſic twa glancing Een.

And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking Art,
His Words they thirle like Muſick throw my Heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at little Fears that fright the lave.
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
He is:--- But what need I ſay that or this,
I'd ſpend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a Gate,
The reſt ſeem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better Senſe will lang his Love ſecure:
Ill Nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.

JENNY.

HEY bony Laſs of *Brankſome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a Sang.
O 'tis a pleaſant Thing to be a Bride;
Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous Din:
To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae Wean fa's ſick, ane ſcads its ſell wi' Broe,
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tynes his Shoe.
The Deil gaes o'er *John Wobſter*: Hame grows Hell;
When *Pate* miſcaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

YES its a hartſome Thing to be a Wife,
When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have Delight
To hear their little Plaints and keep them right.
WOW *Jenny* can there greater Pleaſure be
Than ſee ſic wee Tots toolying at your Knee;

When a' they ettle at,--- their greateſt Wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiſs?
Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight.

JENNY.

BUT Poortith *Peggy* is the warſt of a',
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance ſhou'd Beggery draw.
There little Love or canty Chear can come,
Frae dudy Doublets, and a Pantry toom:
Your Nowt may die,--- the Spate may bear away
Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay.----
The thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blaſhy Thows,
May ſmoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.
A Dyvor buyes your Butter, Woo and Cheeſe,
But or the Day of Payment breaks and flees.
With glooman Brow the Laird ſeeks in his Rent:
'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent.
His Honour manna want, he poinds your Gear:
Syne driven frae Houſe and Hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear *Meg* be wiſe, and live a ſingle Life:
Troth it's nae Mows to be a married Wife.

PEGGY.

MAY ſic ill Luck befa' that ſilly She
Wha has ſic Fears, for that was never me.
Let Fowk bode well, and ſtrive to to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt Uncle aften ſay,
That Lads ſhould a' for Wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty Man cou'd never get
A well ſtor'd Room unleſs his Wife wad let:

Where-

Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my Part
To gather Wealth to raiſe my Shepherd's Heart.
What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
And win the Vogue at Market, Tron or Fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap and ſufficient Ware.
A Flock of Lambs, Cheeſe, Butter, and ſome Woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the *Laird* his due.
Syne a' behind's our ain;--- thus without Fear,
With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will ſteer;
And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the Day he gat me for his Wife.

JENNY.

BUT what if ſome young Giglit on the Green,
With dimpled Cheeks and twa bewitching Een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his haf-worn *Meg*,
And her kend Kiſſes hardly worth a Feg.

PEGGY.

NAE mair of that, —— Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
There's ſome Men conſtanter in Love than we:
Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature Kind
Has bleſt them with Solidity of Mind.
They'll reaſon caumly, and with Kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort Paſſions wad our Peace beguile:
Sae whenſo'er they ſlight their Maiks at Hame,
'Tis Ten to Ane the Wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with Pleaſure a' my Art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his Heart.
At Even when he comes weary frae the Hill,
I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.
In Winter when he Toils throw Wind and Rain,
A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-ſtane.

And ſoon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
The Seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
Clean Hag-a-bag I'll ſpread upon his Boord,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford.
Good Humour and white Bigonets ſhall be,
Guards to my Face to keep his Love for me.

JENNY.

A Diſh of married Love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

BUT we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The Loſs of Youth when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns and their Bairns make ſure a firmer Tye,
Than ought in Love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side;
Suppoſe them ſome Years ſyne Bridegroom and Bride;
Nearer and neaſer ilka Year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading Branches are increaſt,
And in their Mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the Eaſtlin Blaſt,
That in Return defends it frae the Weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle,--- a State ſae lyk'd by you!
Beneath ilk Storm, frae ev'ry Airth maun bow.

JENNY.

I'VE done,---I yield, dear Laſſy, I maun yield,
Your better Senſe has fairly won the Field,
With the Aſſiſtance of a little Fae
Lyes darn'd within my Breaſt this mony a Day.

PEGGY.

ALAKE! poor Priſoner! *Jenny* that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:
Haſt let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy*'s or poor *Roger*'s Man.

JENNY.

ANITHER Time's as good--- for ſee the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet-begun
To freath the Graith;--- if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this ſeems true,--- nae Laſs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug Thack Houſe, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are ſeen.
On this Side ſtands a Barn, on that a Bayer:
A Peet-ſtack joyns, and forms a rural Squair.
The Houſe is GLAUD's;--- there you may ſee him lean,
And to his Divet-Seat invite his Frien.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-MORROW, Nibour *Symon*,--- come ſit down,
And gie's your Cracks.--- What's a' the News in Town?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And ſald your *Crummock*, and her baſſend Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coſt a Pund of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

SYMON.

WITH a' my Heart;--- and tent me now, auld Boy,
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken ſic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppreſſors ſtend like Flaes,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Hether Braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!--- Ah *Symmie!* ratling Chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt Lies aff Hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like Will-fire far and near:
But looſe your Poke, be't true or fauſe, let's hear.

SYMON.

SEEING's believing, *Glaud*, and I have ſeen
Hab, that Abroad has with our *Maſter* been,
Our brave good *Maſter*, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair Eſtate to ſave his Head,
Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſhine, or ſet in Glory with MONTROSE.
Now Cromwell's gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd MONK,
Has plaid the *Rumple* a right ſlee Begunk;
Reſtor'd King CHARLES, and ilka Thing's in Tune;
And *Habby* ſays, we'll ſee Sir WILLIAM ſoon.

GLAUD.

THAT maks me blyth indeed:--- but dinna ſlaw,
Tell o'er your News again! and ſwear til't a'.
And ſaw ye *Hab!* And what did *Halbert* ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
Now GOD be thanked that our Laird's come Hame,
And his Eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

THEY that Hag-raid us till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* ſall enjoy his ain.

GLAUD

GLAUD.

AND may he lang, for never did he ſtent
Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday*'s Claiths.

SYMON.

NOR wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy Air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
"Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*;—— tak a Seat.——
"How's all at Hame?-- How's *Elſpa*?-- How does *Kate*?--
"How ſells black Cattle?--- What gies Woo this Year?---
And ſic like kindly Queſtions wad he ſpear.

GLAUD.

THEN wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen
The Nappy Bottle ben, and Glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our Breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome Flame,
As gart me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd!—— Dear Nibour will ye ſtay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day.
We'l ſend for *Elſpith* too,—— and upo' Sight,
I'll whiſtle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
I'll yoke my Sled, and ſend to the neiſt Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale, baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean
Drink till they tine the Gate to ſtand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For heer-yeſtreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa Wathers prime and fat;

A Furlet of good Cakes my *Elſpa* beuk,
And a large Ham hings reeſting in the Nook.
I ſaw my ſell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot that ſcads the Whey put on,
A Mutton Bouk to boil;—— and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the Haggies *Elſpa* ſpares nae Coſt.
Small' are they ſhorn; and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
Fat are the Puddings,-- Heads and Feet well ſung;
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To paſs this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
And drink our *Maſter's* Health and Welcome-hame.
Ye manna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt Friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi'ye all your Family, and then,
When ere you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

SPOKE like ye'r ſell, Auld-birky, never fear
But at your Banquet I ſhall firſt appear:
Faith we ſhall bend the Bicker and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld ſaid I! -- Troth I'm younger be a Score
With your good News than what I was before.
I'll dance or Een! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear.

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

THE Man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon* welcome here.
What wad ye *Glaud*, with a' this Haſte and Din?
Ye never let a Body ſit to ſpin.

Spin! Snuf---- Gae break your Wheel and burn your Tow,
And ſet the meikleſt Peet-ſtack in a Low.
Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir *William* ſee.

MADGE.

Blyth News indeed!-- And wha was't tald you o't.

GLAUD.

WHAT's that t' you; --- gae get my *Sunday*'s Coat;
Wale out the whyteſt of my bobit Bands,
My Whyt-skin Hoſe, and Mittans for my Hands;
Then frae their Waſhing cry the Bairns in Haſt,
And mak ye'r ſells as trig, Head Feet, and Waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

SYMON.

Do honeſt *Madge*,-- and *Glaud* I'll oer the Gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad ha't.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open Field.— A Cotage in a Glen,
An auld Wife ſpinning at the ſuny End.—
At a ſmall Diſtance, by a blaſted Tree,
With falded Arms, and haff rais'd Look ye ſee.

BAULDY his lane.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this!—— I canna bear't! 'Tis war than Hell;
To be ſae brunt with Love, yet darna tell!
O *PEGGY*, ſweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than gowany Glens or new Mawn Hay:
Blyther than Lambs that friſk out o'er the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Foreſt grows:
Her Een the cleareſt Blob of Dew outſhines;
The Lilly in her Breaſt its Beauty tines.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
Will be my Dead that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For *Pate* loes her,-- waes me, and ſhe loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by ſome unlucky Fate,
Made a daft Vow!-- O but ane be a Beaſt,
That makes raſh Aiths till he's afore the Prieſt.
I darena ſpeak my Mind, elſe a' the three,
But Doubt wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis ſair to thole,-- I'll try ſome Witchcraft Art,
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.

Here *Mauſy* lives, a Witch that for ſma Price,
Can caſt her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'ercaſt the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards ſhe raves,
And howks uncriſten'd Weans out of their Graves;
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;
Rins witherſhins about the Hemlock Low;
And ſeven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes.
Of this unſonſy Pictures aft ſhe makes
Of ony ane ſhe hates;-- and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
Stuck fou of Prines, the deviliſh Pictures melt,
The Pain by Fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonders *Mauſe*: Ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the Deil.
She and her Cat ſit beeking in her Yard,
To ſpeak my Errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't tho' I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt that Deels and Laſſes drive.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green Kail Yard, a little Fount,
Where Water popilan ſprings,
There ſits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE *ſings.*

PEGGY, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the King's come:
Nae mair the Hawkys ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy Plaiding Coat for ſilk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk;
Now, Peggy, ſince the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

HOw does auld honeſt Lucky of the Glen,
Ye look baith hale and raſh at threeſcore ten.

MAUSE.

E'EN twining out a Threed with little Din,
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
What brings my Bairn this Gate ſae air at Morn?
Is there nae Muck to lead,-- to Threſh nae Corn?

BAULDY

BAULDY.

ENOUGH of Baith:--- But ſomething that requires
Your helping Hand imploys now all my Cares.

MAUSE.

MY helping Hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow?

BAULDY.

AY but your wife, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt Part of the Pariſh tells a Lie.

MAUSE.

OF what Kind Wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my Character aboon the reſt?

BAULDY.

WELL vers'd in Herbs and Seaſons of the Moon,
By skilfu' Charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

MAUSE.

WHAT Fowk ſays of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear?

BAULDY.

WELL ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk an talks about you, but a Flaw.
When laſt the Wind made *Glaud* a Rooſleſs Barn,
When laſt the Burn bore down my *Mither*'s Yarn,
When *Brawny* Elfshot never mair came hame;
When *Tibi* kirn'd and there nae Butter came;
When *Beſſy Freetock*'s chuffy-cheeked Wean,
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna ſtand its lane.

When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night through the Shaw,
And tint himſel amaiſt amang the Snaw.
When *Mungo*'s Mear ſtood ſtill and ſwat with Fright,
When he brought Eaſt the *Howdy* under Night.
When *Bawſy* ſhot to dead upon the Green,
And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair ſeen;
You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And ſae they may that mint to do ye Skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt make Grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a Furlet of them mixt with Peaſe.

MAUSE.

I thank ye Lad,—— now tell me your Demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

BAULDY.

THEN I like *Peggy*, —— *Neps* is fond of me——
Peggy likes *Pate*;--- and *Patie* is bauld and ſlee,
And loes ſweet *Meg*:—— But *Neps* I downa ſee.——
Cou'd ye turn *Patie*'s Love to *Neps*, and than
Peggy's to me,-- I'd be the happieſt Man.

MAUSE.

I'LL try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night;
'Gainſt that Time I'll ſome ſimple Things prepare,
Worth all your Peaſe and Grots, take ye nae Care.

BAULDY.

WELL, *Mauſe*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
But if ye raiſe the *Deel*, he'll raiſe the Wind;

Syne Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the Night ſae mirk, I'll tine the Gate.
We're a' to rant in *Symmie*'s at a Feaſt,
O will ye come like Badrans for a Jeſt;
And there ye can our different Haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSIC.

'TIS like I may,-- but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle Caſt.

BAULDY

IF I ought of your Secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*.

Exit Bauldy.

Mauſe (*her lane.*)

THIS Fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a Witch in Compact with *Auld Nick*,
Becauſe by Education, I was taught
To ſpeak and Act aboon their common Thought.
Their groſs Miſtake ſhall quickly now appear,
Soon ſhall they ken what brought what keeps me here.
Now ſince the Royal CHARLES, and Right's reſtor'd,
A Shepherdeſs is Daughter to a Lord.
The *bony Fundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,
Wha has an Uncle's Care on her beſtow'd.
Her Infant Life I ſav'd, when a falſe Friend
Bow'd to the Uſurper, and her Death deſign'd;
To eſtabliſh him and his in all theſe Plains
That by right Heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her ſweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms
Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.

None knows't but me;-- and if the Morn were come,
I'll tell them Tales will gar them all ſing dumb.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a Tree upon the Plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet,
In Love, without a vicious Stain,
The bony Laſs and chearfu' Swain
Change Vows and Kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O *PATIE* let me gang, I mauna ſtay;
We're baith cry'd hame and *Jenny* ſhe's away.

PATIE.

I'M laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And *Roger* he's awa with *Jenny* gane;
They're as content, for ought I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves I judge as we.
Here where Primroſes thickeſt paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
How ſaft the Weſtlin Winds ſough through the Reeds.

PEGGY.

THE ſcented Meadows,--- Birds,--- and healthy Breeze,
For ought I ken may mair than *Peggy* pleaſe.

PATIE.

YE wrang me ſair to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy ought's ſae ſweet or fair
As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
Thy Breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt Brier,
Thy Cheek and Breaſt the fineſt Flowers appear.
Thy Words excel the maiſt delightfu' Notes,
That warble through the Merle or Mavis' Throtes.
With thee I tent nae Flowers that buſk the Field,
Or ripeſt Berries that our Mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiſs of thee.

PEGGY.

BUT *Patrick* for ſome wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs ſhould tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna ſtay,---- ye Joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

PATIE.

SOONER a Mother ſhall her Fondneſs drap,
And wrang the Bairn ſits ſmiling on her Lap.
The Sun ſhall change, the Moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The Gaits to clim,-- the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall do thee Wrang, I ſwear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

THEN keep your Aith:-- But mony Lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in Haf-a-year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if anither Laſs your Heart ſhou'd ſteel,
Your *Meg* forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs *Pate*.

PATIE.

I'M ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a Year.
I mind it well, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aft to the Tanſy-know or raſhy Strand;
Thou ſmiling by my Side,--- I took Delyte
To pou the Raſhes green, with Roots ſae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry Belt and Snood.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews firſt try'd my Skill,
To beat a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

PATIE.

WHEN Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bells,
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and riſing Fells,
Nae Birns or Briers or Whins ere troubled me:
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

WHEN thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:
At all theſe Sports thou ſtill gave Joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

JENNY ſings ſaft the *Broom of Cowdon Knows*,
And *Roſie* lilts the *Milking of the Ews*;
There's nane like *Nanſie*, *Jenny Nettles* ſings:
At Turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings:
But when my *Peggy* ſings with ſweeter Skill
The *Boatman*, or the *Laſs of* Patie's *Mill*;
It is a Thouſand Times mair ſweet to me,
Tho' they ſing well they canna ſing like thee.

PEGGY.

How eith can Laſſes trow what they deſire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blaws up that Fire:
But wha loves beſt, let Time and Carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my Love ſhall Time defy.
Be ſtill as now, and a' my Care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

PATIE.

WERT thou a Giglit Gawky like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave.
At nought they'll ferly;-- ſenſeleſs Tales believe,
Be blyth for ſilly Heghts, for Trifles grieve.---
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Senſe without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty far excels them a'.

Continue kind, and a' my Care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

PEGGY.

AGREED;-- but harken yons auld Aunty's Cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us ſtay.

PATIA.

AND let them ferly,--- now a kindly Kiſs,
Or Fiveſcore good anes wad not be a-miſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the Sang with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up laſt Owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

SING firſt, ſyne claim your Hyre.———————

PATIE.

———————WELL I agree.

PATIE (*ſings.*)

BY the delicious Warmneſs of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that ſmiling tells the Truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why ſhould ye deny.

PEGGY (*ſings.*)

BUT ken ye, Lad, gif we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Power,
Like unripe Fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE (*ſings.*)

BUT gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye.

Red

Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Haf-year.

PEGGY (*ſinging falls into* Patie's *Arms.*)

THEN dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a' :
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this kind Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

PATIE (with his left Hand about her Waiſt.)

O Charming Armfu' hence ye Cares away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day,
All Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again.
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by Both.

Sun gallop down the Weſtlin Skyes,
Gang ſoon to Bed, and quickly riſe ;
O Laſh your Steeds, poſt Time away,
And haſte about our Bridal Day;
And if your wearied, honeſt Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

Let down the Curtain and let them kiſs,

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your Eyes beyond yon ſpreading Lyme,
And tent a Man whaſe Beard ſeems bleech'd with Time;
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean;
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But whiſht! It is the Knight in Maſquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to ſee his Lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu Groves.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Diſguiſe,
I'll for a Space unknown delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I loſt,--- which now are mine again.
Yet 'midſt my Joys, ſome Proſpects, Pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands
Without a Roof, the Gates faln from their Bands;
The Caſements all broke down, no Chimny left,
The naked Walls of Tap'ſtry all bereft.
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
That with each rainy Blaſt decaying falls.
My Gardens once adorn'd the moſt complete
With all that Nature, all that Art makes ſweet:

Where

Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks,
The dewy Flowrs hung nodding on their Stalks:
But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglintines* appear.
How fail'd and brok's the riſing ample Shade,
Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* Trees their Branches ſpred,
Basking in Rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to View delightful in the Uſe;
All round in Gaps, the Walls in Ruin ly,
And from what ſtands the withered Branches fly.

THESE ſoon ſhall be repaird;-- and now my Joy,
Forbids all Grief,-- when I'm to ſee my BOY,
My only Prop and Object of my Care,
Since Heaven too ſoon call'd home his MOTHER fair,
Him ere the Rays of Reaſon clear'd his Thought,
I ſecretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charged him ſtrictly to conceal his Birth,
Till we ſhould ſee what changing Times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the Dawn,
And ranges carleſs o'er the Height and Lawn,
After his fleecy Charge ſerenly gay,
With other Shepherds whiſtling o'er the Day.
Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free,
Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully
A quiet, contented Mortal, ſpends his Time,
In hearty Health his Soul unſtain'd with Crime.

NOW tow'rds good *Symon*'s Houſe, I'll bend my Way,
And ſee what makes yon Gamboling to Day,
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gaylie dance and ſing.

Exit Sir WILLIAM.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'TIS Symon's *Houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,*
And viſſy't round and round,
There's nought ſuperfluous to give Pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear Peat Ingle
Glances amidſt the Floor.
The Green-Horn Spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle
On Skelfs foregainſt the Door.
While the young Brood ſport on the Green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the Brown Cow to clear their Een,
Snuff, crack, and take their Reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE anes were young our ſells,-- I like to ſee
The Bairns bob round with other merrylie.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie*'s grown a ſtrapan Lad,
And better Looks than his I never bade.
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa,
And tells his Tale the cleverеſt of them a'.

ELSPA.

POOR Man!—— he's a great Comfort to us baith:
GOD mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.

He

He is a Bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or Air.

GLAUD.

I trow, Goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with *Peggy*'s Beauty tane,
And troth my *Niece* is a right dainty Wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better,——be't ſhe were nae Kin to me.

SYMON.

HA *Glaud!* I doubt that neer will be a Match,
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mix'd with the Mools my ſell.

GLAUD.

WHAT Reaſon can ye have, there's nane, I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the Laſſie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind;
Fourſcore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day ſhe's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at ſpaining Time as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

YE offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

SYMON.

Or this Day Eight Days, likely he ſhall learn,
That our Denial diſna ſlight his Bairn.

GLAUD.

WELL nae mair o't,--come gie's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, what ever Way it end.

(Their Healths gae round)

SYMON.

BUT will ye tell me, *Glaud*,-- by ſome 'tis ſaid,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling* that was laid
Down at your Hallon Side, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up and beded on dry Hay.

GLAUD.

THAT clatteran, *Madge* my Titty, tells ſic Flaws,
When ere our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The felleſt Fortune-teller e'er was ſeen;
He tents our Loofs, and ſyne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gie's our Brows a Look:
Syne tells the oddeſt Tales that ere ye heard.
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

SYMON.

GAE bring him in, we'll hear what he can ſay,
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my Houſe to Day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my Gray Mear.

GLAUD.

SPAE-MEN!-- the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny, *bringing in Sir* William; *with them* Patie.

SYMON.

YE'RE welcome honeſt Carle,-- here take a Seat.

Sir WILL.

I give ye Thanks, Goodman, Iſe no be blate.

GLAUD (*drinks.*)

COME t'ye Friend:-- How far cam ye the Day?

Sir WILL.

I pledge ye Nibour,--- e'en but little Way:
Rouſted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate ſeems lang,
Twa Miles or Three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

SYMON.

YE'RE welcome here to ſtay all Night with me,
And take ſic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

Sir WILL.

THAT's kind unſought,-- well gin ye have a Bairn
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I ſhall imploy the fartheſt of my Skill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON (*pointing to* Patie.)

ONLY that Lad,-- alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir WILL.

YOUNG Man, let's ſee your Hand,-- what gars ye ſneer?

PATIE.

BECAUSE your Skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir WILL.

YE cut before the Point:-- But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a Mouſe Mark on your Side.

ELSPA.

BETOOTCH-us-to!-- and well I wat that's true,
Awa, awa! the Deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a Sark.

Sir WILL.

ILL tell ye mair, if this young Lad be ſpair'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

ELSPA.

A Laird!--- Hear ye Goodman!-- what think ye now!

SYMON.

I dinna ken! ſtrange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth,
Come turn the Timmer to Laird *Patie*'s Health.

(Patie's *Health gaes round*)

PATIE.

A Laird of twa good Whiſtles, and a Kent,
Twa Curs my truſty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Eſtate,-- and like to be:
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

SYMON

SYMON.

WHISHT, *Patie*,-- let the Man look owre your Hand,
Aftymes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

Sir William *looks a little at* Patie's *Hand, then counterfits falling into a Trance, while they endeavonr to lay him right.*

ELSPA.

PRESERVE's!--- the Man's a Warlock, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good,--- or ſecond Sight at leaſt,
Where is he now?———————

GLAUD.

———————He's ſeeing a that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

ELSPA.

THESE ſecond ſighted Fowk, his Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my Thumb;-- wow, can he tell?
(Speer at him ſoon as he comes to himſel)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir *William*. Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

HE'LL ſoon grow better,-- *Elſpa* haſt ye gae
And fill him up a Taſs of *Uſquebae*.

Sir WILL. (*ſtarts up and ſpeaks.*)

A Knight that for a LYON fought,
Againſt a Herd of Bears,
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares:

But now again the LYON rares,
And Joy spreads owre the Plain,
The LYON has defeat the Bears,
The Knight returns again.

THAT Knight, in a few Days, shall bring
A Shepherd frae the Fauld:
And shall present him to his King,
A Subject true and bauld.
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:---
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

SYMON.

FRIEND, May your Spaeing happen soon and weel;
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep,
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep.

Sir WILL.

HOWE'ER I get them, never fash your Beard,
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:
But I'll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

SYMON.

You propheſying Fowks are odd kind Men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,
The wimpled Meaning of your unko Tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a Noiſe o'er Moor and Dale.

GLAUD.

'TIS nae ſma Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And takes't for Goſpel what the Spae-man gives
Of Flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony Rate.

Sir WILL.

WHISHT, doubtfu' Carle, for e'er the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have ſaid, ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

WELL, be't ſae, Friend; I ſhall ſae naithing mair,
But I have twa ſonſy Laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for Men: I wiſh ye cou'd forſee
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir WILL.

NAE mair through Secrets can I ſift,
Till Darkneſs black the Bent,
I have but anes a Day that Gift:
Sae reſt a While content.

SYMON.

ELSPA, caſt on the Claith, fetch butt ſome Meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir WILL.

DELAY a while your hoſpitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tower, to fetch a Walk
With you, kind Friend, to have ſome private Talk.

SYMON.

SOON as you pleaſe, I'll anſwer your Deſire,---
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your Pipe beſide the Fire;
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our Pint and Crack.

GLAUD.

I'LL out a Space, and ſee the Young-anes play,
My Heart's ſtill light abeit my Locks be gray.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

JENNY pretends an Errand Hame,
Young ROGER draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting Flame,
And thow his Laſſie's Breaſt.
Behind a Buſh, well hid frae Sight they meet.
See Jenny's *Laughing,* Roger's *like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR *Jenny*, I wad ſpeak t'ye wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye'r ay ſae ſcornfu ſet.

JENNY

JENNY.

AND what wad *Roger* ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak;
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye'r to ſeek.

ROGER.

YES ye may gueſs, right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een:
And I maun out we't, tho' I risk your Scorn,
Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Even and Morn.
Ah cou'd I loo ye leſs! I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

AND wha kens, honeſt Lad, but that I may;
Ye canna ſay, that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

ROGER.

ALAKE! my frighted Heart begins to fail,
When e'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,
For fear ſome tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your Love, and near your Heart may ly.

JENNY.

I loo my Father, Cuſin *Meg* I love;
But to this Day, nae Man my Mind could move:
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye all I beſt had keep me free.

ROGER.

HOW lang, dear *Jenny*,-- ſayna that again,
What Pleaſure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet ſtand free,
Wha kens but ye may rew and Pity me?

JENNY.

YE have my Pity elſe, to ſee ye ſet
On that whilk makes our Sweetneſs ſoon foryet.
Wow! but we're bony, good, and every Thing!
How ſweet we breath, when e'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner Fools to give Conſent,
Than we our Daffine, and tint Power repent:
When priſon'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt Drudge at Hame.

ROGER.

THAT only happens, when for Sake of Gear,
Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:
Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind
Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true dounright Love, engages me,
Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn,--- ſtill to delight in thee.

JENNY.

WHAT ſuggard Words, frae Wooers Lips can fa'!
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen with ſhining fair the Morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety Clouds, mirk a' the Skyes.
I've ſeen the Silver Spring, a while rin clear,
And ſoon in Moſſy Puddles diſappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoyce, the Bride may ſmile;
But ſoon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

ROGER.

I'VE ſeen the Morning riſe with faireſt Light,
The Day unclouded, ſink in calmeſt Night.
I've ſeen the Spring run wimpling throw the Plain,
Increaſe and join the Ocean, without ſtain.

The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may ſmile;
Rejoyce throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

JENNY.

WERE I but ſure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
The feweſt Words my eaſy Heart could gain:
For I mawn own, ſince now at laſt your're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
And ever had a Warmneſs in my Breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

ROGER.

I'M happy now! o'er happy! had my Head!——
This Guſh of Pleaſure's like to be my Dead.
Come to my Arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondering Love! let's kiſs till we be tyr'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the Sun and Starns away,
And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
O *Jenny*, let my Arms about the twine
And briſs thy bony Breaſts and Lips to mine.

They Embrace.

JENNY.

WITH equal Joy my ſafter Heart does yield,
To own thy well try'd Love has won the Field.
Now by theſe warmeſt Kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

ROGER.

I ſwear by Fifty thouſand, yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb;
There ſhall not be a kyndlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

JENNY..

WELL I agree,—— neiſt to my Parent gae;
Get his Conſent;-- he'll hardly ſay ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld Fowks like them that wants na Milk and Meal.

ROGER.

MY Faulds contain twice Fifteen forrow Nowt,
As mony Newcal in my Bayers rowt:
Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lammaſs* ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
Good Twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.
Ilk Thing that makes a Hartſome Houſe and tight
Was ſtill her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es Joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my Dear, to thee.
And had I Fifty Times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* ſhou'd the ſamen skair.
My Love and all is yours, now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like to gar them laſt.

JENNY.

I'LL do my beſt;-- but ſee wha comes this Way,
Patie and *Meg*,-- beſides I mauna ſtay;
Lets ſteal frae ither now and meet the Morn,
If we be ſeen we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

ROGER.

To where the Saugh-tree ſhades the Mennin-pool,
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
Keep Tryſt, and meet me there, there let us meet.
To kiſs and tell our Love;-- there's nought ſae ſweet.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This Scene preſents the KNIGHT *and* SYM
Within a Galery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron ſhown his Face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the Gate he kens fou well.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir WILL.

TO whom belongs this Houſe ſo much decay'd ?

SYMON.

To ane that loſt it lending generous Aid,
To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
Againſt the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir *William Worthy* is our Maſter's Name,
Wha fills us all with Joy, now HE'S COME HAME.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William *draps his maſking Beard,*
Symon *tranſported ſees*
The welcome Knight with fond Regard,
And graſps him round the Knees.

My Maſter! my dear Maſter!—— do I breathe!
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong and free frae Skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wiſhing Tenants Sight!
To bleſs his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight.

Sir WILL.

RISE, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
I came to view thy Care in this Diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the Secret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

THE due Obedience to your ſtrict Command
Was the firſt Lock ;--- neiſt my ain Judgment fand
Out Reaſons plenty:—— Since, without Eſtate,
A Youth tho' ſprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir WILL.

AND aften vain and idly ſpend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, paſt their Prime,
Hang on their Friends,—— which gi'es their Sauls a Caſt,
That turns them downright Beggars at the laſt.

SYMON.

NOW well I wat, Sir, ye have ſpoken true;
For there's Laird *Kytie*'s Son, that's loo'd by few,
His Father ſteght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:
He gangs about ſornan frae Place to Place,
As ſcrimp of Manners, as of Senſe and Grace,
Oppreſſing all as Puniſhment of their Sin
That are within his Tenth Degree of Kin:

Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain Fam'lie, as to give him Truſt.

Sir WILL.

SUCH uſeleſs Branches of a Common-wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection.—— *Symon* run
O'er all your Obſervations on my Son;
A Parent's Fondneſs eaſily finds Excuſe;
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuſe.

SYMON.

To ſpeak his Praiſe, the langeſt Simmer Day
Wad be owre ſhort,--- cou'd I them right diſplay.
In Word and Deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of Sight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Conteſt,
Patrick's made Judge, to tell whaſe Cauſe is beſt;
And his Derceet ſtands good;--- he'll gar it ſtand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand,
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudeſt of our Herds obey.

Sir WILL.

YOUR Tale much pleaſes,-- my good Friend, proceed:
What Learning has he? can he write and read?

SYMON.

BAITH wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gie him at the School enough of Lair;
And he delyts in Books:--- He reads and ſpeaks
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin* Words and *Greeks*.

Sir

Sir WILL.

WHERE gets he Books to read,-- and of what kind;
Tho' ſome gives Light, ſome blindly lead the Blind.

SYMON.

WHEN e'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh* Port,
He buys ſome Books of Hiſtory, Sangs or Sport:
Nor does he want of them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.
About ane *Shakeſpear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften ſpeaks and ca's them beſt of Men.
How ſweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Sterling* ſing,
And ane caw'd *Cowley* loyal to his King,
He kens fou well, and gars their Verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought that he made o'er great Fraſe
About fine Poems, Hiſtories and Plays.
When I reprov'd him anes,-- a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir WILL.

HE anſwer'd well, and much ye glad my Ear
When ſuch Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading ſuch Books can raiſe a Peaſant's Mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus enclin'd.

SYMON.

WHAT ken we better, that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book;
When we a Leaf or twa, haf read, haf ſpell,
'Till a' the reſt ſleep round as well's our ſell.

Sir WILL.

WELL jeſted, *Symon*;-- but one Queſtion more,
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter arround young Hearts like cooing Doves;
Has no young Laſſy with inviting Mein
And Roſie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warſt, but kend the ſmalleſt Part,
Till late I ſaw him twa three Times mair ſweet,
(With *Glaud*'s fair *Niece*) then I thought right or meet,
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your ſelf, your Son will ſoon appear,
A Gentleman enrich'd with all theſe Charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt born Lady's Arms.

Sir WILL.

THIS Night muſt end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views ſhall greater Thoughts inſpire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but your ſelf ſhall our firſt Meeting ſee.
Yonders my Horſe and Servants nigh at Hand,
They come juſt at the Time I gave Command:
Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dreſs;
Now ye the Secret may to all confeſs.

SYMON.

WITH how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

Exit SYMON.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus*.

WHEN the Event of Hopes ſucceſsfully appears,
One happy Hour cancells the Toil of Years.

A Thouſand Toils are loſt in *Lethe*'s Stream,
And Cares evaniſh like a Morning Dream;
When wiſh'd for Pleaſures riſe like Morning Light,
The Pain that's paſt enhanſes the Delight.
Theſe Joys I feel that Words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known without my late Diſtreſs.

But from his ruſtick Buſineſs and Love,
I muſt in haſte my *Patrick* ſoon remove,
To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:
Like the rough Diamond as it leaves the Mine,
Only in little Breakings ſhews its Light,
Till artful Poliſhing has made it ſhine:
Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The Scene deſcrib'd in former Page,
Glaud's *Onſet.*—— *Enter* Mauſe *and* Madge.

MAUSE.

OUR Laird come hame! and owns young *Pate* his Heir,
That's News indeed!———————

MADGE.

——————As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon*'s Yard,
Sir *William* like a Warlock, with a Beard,
Five Nives in Length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,
While frae his Poutch he whirl'd forth a Book.
As we ſtood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE.

THEN ſure the Laſſes, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him and had out their Loof.

MADGE.

As faſt as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk flee Tod *Lawrie* háds without his Mow;
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days ſlides backward in a Pool:
In ſhort he did for *Pate* braw Things fortell,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;
At laſt when well diverted he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Maſter;--- round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and ſyne for Blythneſs grat.
Patrick was ſent for,--- happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elſpa*, *Elſpa* tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret Story ſoon;
And troth 'tis een right odd when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to *Pate* himſell.
Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has loſt her Jo.

MAUSE.

IT may be ſae, wha kens, and may be no.
To lift a Love that's rooted is great Pain:
Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the Plain,
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

SIC Nonſence! Love tak Root but Tocher-good,
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:
Sic Faſhions in King BRUCE's Days might be;
But ſiccan Ferlies now we never ſee.

MAUSE.

GIF *Pate* forſakes her, *Bauldy* ſhe may gain,
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy's* now his Ain.

MADGE.

HE get her! ſlavetin Doof! it ſets him well
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil;
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Maſter ſee——

MAUSE.

YE'D be as dorty in your Choice as he;
And ſo wad I: But whiſht here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy *ſinging.*

JOCKY *ſaid to* Jenny, Jenny *wilt thou do't*;
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, *for my Tocher-good*;
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, *ye may let it be.*

MADGE.

WELL lilit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty Sang.

BAULDY.

I'LL gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

Sings again.

I hae Gowd and Gear, I have Land enough,
I hae ſeven good Owſen ganging in a Pleugh;
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linkan o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good Ha' Houſe, a Barn and a Bayer;
A Peatſtack 'fore the Door, we'll make a rantin Fire;

I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry ſall we be;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

JENNY *ſaid to* Jocky, *gin ye winna tell,*
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the Laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae,—— Laſſes will come too at laſt,
Tho' for a While they maun their Snaw-baws caſt.

MAUSE.

WELL *Bauldy*, how gaes a'. ——————

BAULDY.

——————Faith unco right:
I hope well a ſleep ſound but ane this Night.

MADGE.

AND wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult Task.
Poor bony PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's Heir.
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honeſt *Mauſe* ſtand be,
While *Meg*'s in Dumps, put in a Word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove:
Leſs wilful, and ay conſtant in my Love.

MADGE.

As *Neps* can witneſs, and the buſhy Thorn,
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was ſworn.

Ey *Bauldy* bluſh, and Vows of Love regard;
What other Laſs will trow a manſworn Herd.
The Curſe of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' Deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my Niece ſae gray a Gate,
Nor will ſhe be advis'd fou well I wate.

BAULDY.

SAE gray a Gate! Manſworn! and a the reſt;
Ye leed, auld Roudes,--- and in faith had beſt
Eat in your Words, elſe I ſhall gar ye ſtand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

MADGE.

YE'LL gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling-gabit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And Ten ſharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r Cheeks out o'er your Chin.

BAULDY.

I tak ye Witneſs, *Mauſe*, ye heard her ſay,
That I'm manſworn,--- I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

YE'RE witneſs to, he ca'd me bony Names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog!———————

Flees to his Hair like a Fury:——
A ſtout Battle.--- Mauſe *endeavours to redd them.*

MAUSE.

LET gang your Grips, fy *Madge*! howt *Bauldy* leen,
I wadna wiſh this Tuilzie had been ſeen;

'Tis

'Tis ſae daft like.——————

Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's
Clutches with a bleeding Noſe.

MADGE.

——————'Tis dafter like to thole
An Ether-cap like him to blaw the Coal.
It ſets him well with vile unſcrapit Tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their Bairn's Bairns have ſeen.

MAUSE.

THAT's true, and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain chriſten'd Name.

BAULDY.

MY Luggs, my Noſe, and Nodle finds the ſame.

MADGE.

AULD Roudes! Filthy Fallow, I ſhall auld ye.

MAUSE.

HOWT no;--- ye'll e'en be Friends with honeſt *Bauldy*:
Come, come, ſhake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I ſee the Lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

IN troth now *Mauſe*, I have at *Madge* nae Spite;
But ſhe abuſing firſt was a' the Wyte
Of what has happen'd, and ſhould therefore crave
My Pardon firſt, and ſhall Acquittance have.

MADGE

MADGE.

I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae or be blaſted in your Health and Gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as ſwear.
Vow and lowp back!--- was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

BAULDY *running off.*

HIS Preſence be about us! Curſt were he,
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

MADGE (*laughing.*)

I think I have towzled his Harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his Love to me.
He's but a Raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A Laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly,--- I commend ye for't,
His blooding Snout gae me nae little Sport:
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And Breeding baith,--- to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wadna ſtand,
To lend him in this Caſe my helping Hand.

MADGE.

A Witch!--- how had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to ſee, or Lugs to hear.

MAUSE.

AULD wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like mine,
Obliges Folk Reſentment to decline,

Till aft 'tis ſeen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lak of Pith ſupplie:
Thus I pat aft Revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his Tryſt; and I came here
To ſeek your Help that we the Fool may fear.

MADGE.

AND ſpecial Sport we'll have, as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I ſhall play the Ghaiſt.
A Linnen Sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my Face, and grane and ſhake my Head.
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Laſſie wrang.

MAUSE.

THEN let us go, for ſee, 'tis hard on Night,
The weſtlin Cloud ſhines red with ſetting Light.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the Green-ſwaird grows damp with falling Dew,
While good Sir William *is to Reſt retir'd,*
The Gentle Shepherd *tenderly inſpir'd*
Walks throw the Broom with Roger *ever leel,*
To meet, to comfort MEG, and tak farewell.

ROGER.

WOw but I'm cadgie, and my Heart Lowps light;
O Mr. *Patrick* ay your Thoughts were right:
Sure Genle-fowk are farrer ſeen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of Pedegree.
My *Jenny* now wha' brak my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding,--- ſweet,-- and nae mair ſcorn.
I ſpake my Mind,--- ſhe heard,--- I ſpake again,
She ſmil'd,--- I kiſs'd,--- I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'M glad to hear't:--- But O my Change this Day,
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a Father, gently kind as brave,
And an Eſtate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With Looks all Kindneſs, Words that Love confeſt:
He all the Father to my Soul expreſt,
While cloſs he held me to his manly Breaſt.

Such

Such were the Eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Bleſſing of my Youth!
Who ſet too ſoon!--- And while he Praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.
My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail.
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late-kend *Sire* I view'd,
While guſhing Tears my panting Breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual Tranſports made my Head turn round,
Whilſt I my ſelf with riſing Raptures found
The happy Son of ane ſae much renoun'd.
But he has heard,-- too faithful *Symon*'s Fear!
Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
Which he forbids,-- ah! this confounds my Peace,
While, thus to beat, my Heart muſt ſooner ceaſe.

ROGER.

How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a Stand:
But were't my Caſe, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.

PATIE.

DUTY, and haſten Reaſon plead his Cauſe:
But Love rebels againſt all bounding Laws;
Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdeſs excels,
And Part of my new Happineſs repells.

ROGER.

ENJOY them baith--- Sir *William* will be won:
Your *Peggy*'s bony,-- you're his only Son.

PATIE.

SHE's mine by Vows, and ſtronger Ties of Love,
And frae theſe Bands nae Fate my Mind ſhall move.

I'll

I'll wed nane elſe, through Life I will be true,
But ſtill Obedience is a Parent's Due.

ROGER.

Is not our Maſter and your ſell to ſtay
Amang us here,-- or are ye gawn away
To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,
To leave your áin poor us with broken Hearts?

PATIE.

To *Edinburgh* ſtraight, To-morrow we advance,
To *London* neiſt, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome Years, and learn --- to dance,
And twa three other Monky-tricks:--- That done
I come hame ſtrutting in my Red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted Thing's dull Slave,
For ſome few Bags of Caſh that I wate weel
I nae mair need nor Carts do a Third Wheel:
But *Peggy* dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear ſic News, ſhall hear my Death.

ROGER.

THEY wha have juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
The Owrecome only faſhes Fowk to keep.---
Good Maſter *Patrick*, tak your áin Tale Hame.

PATIE.

WHAT was my Morning Thought, at Night's the ſame:
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
CONTENT's the greateſt Bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the Lift.--- Without it Kings are poor.

ROGER.

BUT an Eſtate like yours yields braw Content,
When we but pike it ſcantly on the Bent:
Fine Claiths, ſaft Beds, ſweet Houſes, ſparkling Wines,
Rich Fare, and witty Friends, when e'er ye dine,
Submiſſive Servants, Honour, Wealth and Eaſe,
Wha's no content with theſe, are ill to pleaſe.

PATIE.

SAE *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiſs,
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliſs:
The Paſſions rule the Roaſt,-- and if they're ſour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll ſoon the Fat devour:
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt Goads in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts, and Gravels, and the ill Diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with Fouk owrelaid with Eaſe,
While o'er the Moor the Shepherd with leſs Care,
Enjoys his ſober Wiſh, and haleſome Air.

ROGER.

LORD Man I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, when e'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Senſe I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier Diſappointments bear.

PATIE.

FRAE Books, the Wale of Books, I gat ſome Skill;
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good and ill:
Near grudge ilk Year to ware ſome Stanes of Cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent Friends that ever pleaſe.

ROGER.

I'LL do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith Ile hae Books, tho' I ſhou'd ſell my Ky:

But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move
Between Sir *William*'s Will and *Peggy*'s Love.

PATIE.

THEN here it lyes,--- his Will maun be obey'd,
My Vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my Bride:
But I ſome Time this laſt Deſign maun hide.
Keep you the Secret cloſe, and leave me here,
I ſent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my Dear.

ROGER.

AND proud of being your Secretary, I
To wyle it frae me, a' the Deels defy.

Exit Roger.

PATIE (*ſolus.*)

WITH what a Struggle muſt I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart:
I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft Soul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Diſappointment.--- Heaven ſupport my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.
Her Eyes are red———————

Enter PEGGY.

———————My *Peggy* why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think ſae high:--- I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or ſtill a Herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten Pain ſee frae the Coaſt
The Ship that bears his All, like to be loſt?

Like to be carried by ſome Rever's Hand,
Far frae his Wiſhes to ſome diſtant Land.

PATIE.

NE'ER quarrel Fate, whilſt it with me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own:
But Love's ſuperior to a Parent's Frown.
I Falſhood hate: Come kiſs thy Cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir *William*'s generous, leave the Task to me
To make ſtrict Duty and true Love agree.

PEGGY.

SPEAK on!—— ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my Grief;
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts, a gentler Face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice Air ſwims round in Silk Attire;
Then I, poor me!--- with Sighs may ban my Fate,
When the young Laird's nae mair my heartſome *Pate*:
Nae mair again to hear ſweet Tales expreſt,
By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the reſt;
Nae mair be envied by the tatling Gang,
When *Patie* kiſs'd me when I danc'd or ſang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
And rin haff breathleſs round the Rucks of Hay,
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on Purpoſe that I might be tane.
Nae mair arround the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.
But hear my Vow,--- 'twill help to give me Eaſe,
May ſudden Death, or deadly ſair Diſeaſe,

And warſt of Ills attend my wretched Life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

PATIE.

SURE Heaven approves;-- and, be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Iſle;
Yet Time, nor Diſtance, nor the faireſt Face,
If there's a fairer ere ſhall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my riſing Fortune, ſhould it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delighful Maid;
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior Things
To ſic as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? Believe and calm thy Mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for Joy, to hear my Love ſae kind;
When Hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk Diſpair,
Made me think Life was little worth my Care:
My Heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy generous Thoughts will ſave thy Heart for me.
With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Dream throw that Night, till my Day-ſtar appear:
And all the while I'll ſtudy gent'ler Charms
To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms:
I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*,-- he's far frae Fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,
Where I may Manners learn———

PATIE.

———That's wiſely ſaid,
And what he wares that Way ſhall be well paid.

Tho'

Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart.
Yet now, leſt in our Station we offend,
We muſt learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the Thing we hate,
And drap Serenity to keep up State:
Laugh when we're ſad, ſpeak when we've nought to ſay,
And, for the Faſhion, when we're blyth, ſeem wae:
Pay Compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

IF this is Gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill;--- but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jeſt
With Gentry's Apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleez,
When Native Virtues join the Arts to pleaſe.

PEGGY.

SINCE with nae Hazard, and ſae ſmall Expence,
My Lad frae Books can gather ſiccan Sence;
Then why, ah! why, ſhou'd the tempeſtuous Sea,
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me:
Sir *William*'s cruel that wad force his Son,
For Watna-whats, ſae great a Risk to run.

PATIE.

THERE is nae Doubt but Travelling does improve,
Yet I would ſhun it for thy Sake, my Love:
But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my Landwart Caſt
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haſte,

PEGGY

PEGGY.

WITH every ſetting Day, and riſing Morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy ſafe Return.
Under that Tree, and on the *Suckler-Brae*,
Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;
And to the *Hiſſel-Shaw*, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,
With Joy that they'll bear Witneſs I am yours.

PATIE.

MY Dear allow me frae thy Temples fair,
A ſhining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiſs and wear about my Arm.

PEGGY.

WERE ilka Hair that appertains to me
Worth an Eſtate, they all belong to thee:
My Sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And ought what Love with Virtue may command.

PATIE.

NAE mair I'll ask; but ſince we've little Time,
To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime,
Love's ſafter Meaning better is expreſt,
When its with Kiſſes on the Heart impreſt.

(Here they embrace, and the Courtain's let down.)

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

SEE how poor Bauldy *ſtares like ane poſſeſt,*
And roars up Symon *frae his kindly Reſt:*
Bare Leg'd, with Nightcap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes foreward to the Sot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this ſilent Hour,
When Nature nods beneath the drowſy Power,
Far to the *North* the ſcant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye ſhake and glowre and look ſae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Briſtles ſtand.

BAULDY.

O len me ſoon ſome Water, Milk, or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy,--- Legs with ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be my ſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*! O!

Symon *gives him a drink.*

SYMON.

WHAT ails thee, Gowk!-- to make ſae loud ado.

You've

You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed,
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

Enter Sir William.

Sir WILL.

How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very tymouſly afteer.

SYMON.

I'M ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your Reſt;
But ſome ſtrange Thing has *Bauldy*'s Sp'rit oppreſt,
He's ſeen ſome *Witch*, or wreſtl'd with a Ghaiſt.

BAULDY.

O! ay--- dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir WILL. (*ſmiling.*)

I lang to hear't———

BAULDY.

———Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Manſe*,
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws;
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her Art,
To gain a bonny thrawart Laſſie's Heart:
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this Night,
But may nae Friend of mine get ſic a Fright!
For the curs'd Hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaiſt, or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Corſe in Sheet as white as Milk,
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,
Upon me faſt the *Witch* and *it* fell baith,

Lows'd down my Breeks, while I like a great Fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at School.
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,
I pithleſs grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
Till, with an elritch Laugh, they vaniſh'd quite,
Syne I haf dead with Anger, Fear, and Spite,
Crap up and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your Help to gi'e the Deel his Due.
I'm ſure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat Tar Barrel *Mauſe* be burnt.

Sir WILL.

WELL, *Bauldy*, what e'er's juſt ſhall granted be,
Let *Mauſe* be brought this Morning down to me.

BAULDY.

THANKS to your *Honour*, ſoon ſhall I obey,
But firſt I'll *Roger* raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt or ſhe get Leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her Cantraips that bring up the Deel.

Exit Bauldy.

Sir WILL.

TROTH *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more affraid than hurt,
The Witch and Ghaiſt have made themſelves good Sport,
What ſilly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
That is throw want of Education blind.

SYMON.

BUT does your *Honour* think there's nae ſic Thing,
As Witches raiſing Deels up-throw a Ring,
Syne playing Tricks, a Thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

Sir WILL.

SUCH as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
Amongſt a few old Women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing ſometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats or Clowns, or Broomſtaffs ride,
Or in the Egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft be Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools.
What e'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

SYMON.

'TIS true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Senſe, or yet was rich:
But *Mauſe*, tho' poor, is a ſagacious Wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt Life.
That gars me think this Hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a Joke at laſt.

Sir WILL.

I'M ſure it will;---but ſee increaſing Light,
Commands the Imps of Darkneſs down to Night;
Bid raiſe my Servants and my Horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the Morning Air.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

WHILE PEGGY *laces up her Boſom fair,*
With a blew Snood JENNY *binds up her Hair,*
GLAUD *by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek.*
The riſing Sun ſhines motty throw the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth, the Laſſes pleaſe his Een,
And now and than his Joke maun interveen.

GLAUD.

I Wiſh, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,
Ye do not uſe ſo ſoon to ſee the Light;
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
But, do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor Landwart Laſſes will regard.

JENNY.

THO' he's young Maſter now, I'm very ſure,
He has mair Senſe than ſlight auld Friends, tho' poor;
But Yeſterday he ga'e us mony a Tug,
And kiſs'd my Cuſin there frae Lug to Lug.

GLAUD.

AY, ay, nae Doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his Company refrain:
Before he as a Shepherd ſought a Wife,
With her to live a chaſt and frugal Life:

But

But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

PEGGY.

A Rake, what's that?-- Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, elſe I have tint my Skill.

GLAUD.

DAFT Laſſie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare:
A Rake's a graceleſs Spark, that thinks nae Shame
To do what like of us thinks Sin to name:
Sic are ſae void of Shame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the Clap;
They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their Jeſt when ye're debauch'd.
Be warry then I ſay, and never ge'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſie as he.

PEGGY.

SIR *William*'s vertuous, and of gentle Blood,
And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good.

GLAUD.

THAT's true, and mony Gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer better are than we;
But thinner ſawn; they're ſae puft up with Pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That ſhaws the Gate to Heaven;--- I've heard my ſell,
Some of them laugh at Doomſday, Sin and Hell.

JENNY.

WATCH o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Doomſ-day, doubts a God.

GLAUD

GLAUD.

DOUBT! why they neither doubt, nor judge nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curſe, debauch and drink:
BUT I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to ſic Gaits will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

THE LORD forbid!--- Na, he kens better Things:
But here comes *Aunt*, her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

MADGE.

HAST, haſt ye, we're a' ſent for owre the Gate,
To hear, and help to red ſome odd Debate
'Tween *Mauſe* and *Bauldy*, 'bout ſome Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon*'s Houſe, the Knight ſits Judge himſel.

GLAUD.

LEND me my Staff,--- *Madge*, lock the Outer-door,
And bring the Laſſes wi'ye, I'll ſtep before.

Exit Glaud.

MADGE.

POOR *Meg*!-- Look *Jenny*, was the like e'er ſeen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een!
This Day her brankan Woer takes his Horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Croſs,
To change his Kent cut frae the branchy Plain
For a nice Sword, and glancing headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that ſmells like new won Hay:
To leave the Green-ſwaird Dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherd ſtay,
And tak what GOD will ſend in Hodden-gray.

PEGGY

PEGGY.

DEAR Aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of ſome Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the Decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

MADGE.

A bony Story trouth!--- But we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir WILLIAM *fills the Twa-arm'd Chair,*
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, *and* Maule
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear
Daft Bauldy *bluntly plead his Cauſe:*
For now its tell'd him that the Tax
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonſenſe rais'd their Rage.

Sir WILL.

AND was that all?-- well, *Arthbald*, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye ~~well deſerv'd~~.
Was it ſo ſmall a Matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt Woman's Name?

Be:

Beſides your going about to have betray'd
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

BAULDY.

SIR I confeſs my Faut thro' a' the Steps;
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to *Neps*.

MAUSE.

THUS far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,
I kend not that they thought me ſic before.

BAULDY.

AN'T like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the Deel:
Yet with your *Honour*'s Leave, tho' ſhe's nae Witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengefu' ——————
And that my *Sóme-place* finds;-- but I had beſt
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaiſt*,
And the young bony *Witch*, whaſe Roſie Cheek,
Sent me without my Wit the Deel to ſeek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, *and* Jenny.

Sir WILL. (*looking at* Peggy.)

WHOSE Daughter's ſhe that wears th' *Aurora* Gown
With Face ſo fair, and Locks a lovely Brown:
How ſparkling are her Eyes! what this I find,
The Girl brings all my Siſter to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt Grace.
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*.——————————

GLAUD.

——————————— Sir ſhe's my Niece,---
And yet ſhe's not;--- but I ſhould had my Peace.

Sir WILL.

THIS is a Contradiction, what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

GLAUD.

BECAUSE I doubt if I ſhould mak appear
What I have kept a Secret Thirteen Year.

MAUSE.

YOU may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir WILL.

SPEAK ſoon, I'm all Impatience!———

PATIE.

———So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD

THEN ſince my Maſter orders, I obey.---
This BONY FUNDLING ae clear Morn of *May*,
Cloſs by the Lee-ſide of my Door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant Weeds of rich and gentle Make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young; for ſhe appear'd to me,
Only about twa Towmands auld to be.
I took her in my Arms, the Bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a Look, wad made a Savage mild,
I hid the Story, ſhe has paſs'd ſinceſyne,
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my Care about the wean,
For ſhe's well worth the Pains that I have tane,
Ye ſee ſhe's bony, I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle Blood;

Of whom I kenna,--- naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir WILL.

THIS Tale ſeems ſtrange!———————

PATIE.

———————The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir WILL.

COMMAND your Joys, young Man, till Truth appear.

MAUSE.

THAT be my Task,-- now, Sir, bid all be huſh,
Peggy may ſmile,-- thou haſt no Cauſe to bluſh.
Long have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy Day,
That I might ſafely to the Truth give Way;
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name
The beſt and neareſt Parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick Eye did trace,
His Siſter's Beauty's in his Daughter's Face.

Sir WILL.

OLD Woman do not rave,--- prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play:

PATIE.

WHAT Reaſon, Sir, can an old Woman have
To tell a Lie, when ſhe's ſae near her Grave?
But how, or why, it ſhould be Truth, I grant,
I every Thing that looks like Reaſon want.

OMNES.

THE Story's odd! we wiſh we heard it out,-

Sir WILL.

MAK haſt good Woman, and reſolve each Doubt.

Mauſe *goes foreward, leading* Peggy *to Sir* William,

MAUSE.

SIR view me well, has Fifeteen Years ſo plow'd,
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd-

That

That here I as an unknown Stranger ſtand
Who nurs'd her Mother that now holds my Hand,
Yet ſtronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir WILL.

HA honeſt Nurſe! where were my Eyes before,
I know thy Faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet from the Lab'rinth, to lead out my Mind,
Say to expoſe her who was ſo unkind.

Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Sir WILL.

YES ſurely thou'rt my Niece, Truth muſt prevail:
But no more Words till *Mauſe* relate her Tale.

PATIE.

GOOD Nurſe diſpatch thy Story, wing'd with Bliſſes,
That I may give my Cuſin Fifty Kiſſes.

MAU'SE.

THEN it was I that ſav'd her Infant-Life
Her Death being threatned by an Uncle's Wife.
The Story's lang; but I the Secret knew,
How they purſu'd with avaritious View
Her rich Eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a Confident confeſt.
I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs Orphan in her Bed.
That very Night, when all were ſunk in Reſt,
At Midnight-Hour the Floor I ſaftly preſt.
And ſtaw the ſleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travel'd ſome few Miles e'er Day.
All Day I hid me,-- when the Day was done,
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
Till Eaſtward fifty Miles I reach'd theſe Plains,
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.

Then fear of being found out, I to ſecure
My *Charge* I laid her at this Shepherd's Door,
And took a neighbouring Cottage here that I
What e'er ſhould happen to her might be by.
Here, honeſt *Glaud* himſel, and *Symon* may
Remember well how I that very Day,
Frae *Roger*'s Father took my little Crove.

GLAUD, (*with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard*)

I well remember't: LORD reward your Love:
Lang have I wiſht for this; for aft I thought,
Sic Knowledge ſometime ſhould about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a Crime to doubt,--- my Joys are full,
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will,
Sir, with paternal Love ſurvey her Charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her Arms:
She's mine by Vows, and would tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durſt own.

~~ROGER~~ *Sr Will.*

My Niece, my Daughter, Welcome to my Care,
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*, now my greateſt Aim,
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.
My Boy receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

Patie *and* Peggy *embrace and kneel to Sir* William.

PATIE.

WITH as much Joy this Bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad Life that's ſinking in a Wave.

Sir WILL. *raiſes them.*

I give you both my Bleſſing, may your Love
Produce a happy Race, and ſtill improve.

PEGGY.

My Wiſhes are complete,--- my Joys ariſe,
While I'm haf dizy with the bleſt Surpriſe;
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me ſo much generous Kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir *William* bleſs theſe happy Plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our Guardian, ſtill our Maſter be,
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gie;
The Eſtate be yours, my *Peggy*'s ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your Honour now will tak amends
Of them that ſought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir WILL.

The baſe unnatural Villian ſoon ſhall know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below:
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got Gains.

PEGGY.

To me the Views of Wealth, and an Eſtate
Seem light when put in Balance with my *Pate*:
For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For ſuch a Kindneſs, *beſt of Men*, to you.

SYMON.

What double Blythneſs wakens up this Day,
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſt away.
Sall I unſadle your Horſe, and gar prepare
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare.
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow,
Our Looks hing on the Twa, and doat on you;
Even *Bauldy* the Bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge*'s Taz, and pawky *Mauſe*'s Plot.

Sir WILL.

KINDLY, old Man, remain with you this Day,
I never from theſe Fields again will ſtray;
Maſons and *Wrights* ſhall ſoon my Houſe repair,
And buſſy Gardners ſhall new Planting rear:
My Fathers hearty Table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt Friends rejoyce with me.

SYMON.

THAT's the beſt News I heard this Twenty Year;
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

GOD ſave the King, and ſave Sir *William* lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the Shepherd's Sang.

ROGER.

WHA winna dance, wha will refuſe to ſing?
What Shepherds whiſtle, winna lilt the Spring?

BAULDY.

I'M Friends with *Mauſe*,-- with very *Madge* I'm 'gree'd,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, *Lang may Sir* William *live*.

MADGE.

LANG may he live;--- and *Archbald* learn to ſteek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome Witches Fingers ban.
This Day I'll with the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady,-- my dear bony Bairn!

PEGGY.

NO other Name, I'll ever for you learn:---
And, my good Nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchleſs Kindneſs done for me?

MAUSE.

THE flowing Pleaſures of this happy Day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir WILL.

To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud* to you,
And to your Heirs I give in endleſs Feu,
The Mailens ye poſſeſs as juſtly due,
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe in my Houſe in Calmneſs cloſe your Days,
With nought to do but ſing your Maker's Praiſe.

OMNES.

THE LORD of Heaven return your Honour's Love,
Confirm your Joys, and a' your Bleſſing roove.

PATIE, (*preſenting* Roger *to Sir* Will.)

SIR, here's my truſty Friend that always ſhar'd
My Boſom Secrets e'er I was a Laird,
Glaud's Daughter *Janet*, (*Jenny* thinkna Shame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpake and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt Uncle's Son;
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to *Glaud* for his Conſent,
That nane may wear a Face of Diſcontent.

Sir WILL.

My Son's Demand is fair,-- *Glaud*, let me crave,
That truſty *Roger* may your Daughter have
With frank Conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

GLAUD.

YOU crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
What e'er your Honour wills, I ſhall obey.

Roger

Roger my Daughter with my Bleſſing take,
And ſtill our Maſter's Right your Buſineſs make:
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head,
Shall nod with Quietneſs down amang the Dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good a ſpeaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a Fraiſe:
But for my Maſter, Father, and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir WILL.

My Friends, I'm ſatisfied you'll all behave
Each in his Station as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever vertuous, ſoon or late ye'll find
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.
The Maze of Life ſometimes looks dark and Wild;
And oft when Hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we ſtand on Brinks of dark Deſpair,
Some happy Turn with Joy diſpells our Care.
Now all's at Righs, who ſings beſt let me hear.

PEGGY.

WHEN you demand, I readyeſt ſhou'd obey;
I'll ſing you ane the neweſt that I hae.

(*Sings to the Tune of* Corn-riggs are bonny.)

SANG

SANG.

MY PATIE is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is ſweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy:
His Shape is handſome, middle Size,
He's comely in his Wawking,
The Shining of his Een ſurpriſe:
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

LAST Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where Yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he ſpake,
That ſet my Heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lood me beſt of ony,
That gars me like to ſing ſinceſyne,
O Corn-Riggs are bonny.

LET Laſſes of a ſilly Mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
And ſyne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTECA CENTRALE